

AN
ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

BROADWAY TABERNACLE, N. Y.

August 1, 1838.

BY REQUEST OF THE PEOPLE OF COLOR OF THAT CITY,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE COMPLETE EMANCI-
PATION OF 600,000 SLAVES ON THAT DAY,
IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES,

—◆—
By WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
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B O S T O N :
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1838.

ADDRESS.

‘JEHOVAH HATH TRIUMPHED—HIS PEOPLE ARE FREE!’

‘ALLELUIA! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!’

Such is the choral song of praise thundering heavenward, this day, from millions of voices in the islands of the sea, and on the shores of Great Britain, in view of the most wonderful transition, the most sublime achievement, and the noblest experiment, recorded in the world's history. Of all lands, (excepting, indeed, the emancipated colonies,) our own republic should be the most joyfully affected, and present the most animating spectacle, from its eastern extremity to its last great western barrier—from its chainless lakes to the topmost height of the Rocky Mountains; for the trump of jubilee is sounding across the waters, above the roar of the Atlantic, giving freedom to half a million of slaves, and elevating them from among cattle and creeping things to the privileges and rights of an immortal existence! And so it would, if it were not a republic of tyrants and slaves—if it were not basely recreant to all its professions—if it recognized man as man universally. Of all people, (excepting, again, the mighty host who only last night lay entombed in the cold,

damp sepulchre of slavery, but at the earliest dawn of day obtained a glorious resurrection,) the American people should be foremost in celebrating the brightest triumph of humanity since man began to oppress his brother. And so they would, if they were true worshippers at the shrine of freedom—if their hands were not red with innocent blood—if they were not actually preying upon their own species, and trafficking in ‘slaves and the souls of men.’ Never were their inconsistency, their hypocrisy, their hard-heartedness, so apparent as on this very day. In the West India islands,

‘Where’er a wind is rushing,
Where’er a stream is gushing,
The swelling sounds are heard,
Of man to freeman calling,
Of broken fetters falling—
And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
The bursting shout of Freedom’s rallying word’—

yet the people of the United States, (excepting a portion of them who are branded as fanatics and madmen,) not only feel no delight in view of these facts, but are absolutely offended at the experiment; nay, they hope it will prove an utter failure! And why? Simply because the victims, who have been released from thralldom, wear a skin ‘not colored like their own;’ and because they dread to be left without excuse for their oppressive conduct. Oh, if this day had been set apart for the restoration of the Poles to their civil and political rights, so cruelly wrested from them by the strong arm of Russia, this country would now be rocking ‘from side to side’ with excitement! Bells would be ringing, cannon thundering, processions marching in showy array, orators declaiming about the inalienable rights of man, and the people proffering congratulations upon so happy an event.

Why, even so small an affair as the 'three days in Paris,' when the populace rose in revolutionary conflict against the despotism of Charles X., excited a strong sensation throughout this country, and was no where celebrated with so much pomp and circumstance as in the southern States! But the peaceful emancipation of 500,000 descendants of Africa, not merely from civil disabilities, but from the most horrible servitude ever borne by any people,—from the personal ownership of the most brutal tyrants known in the annals of time,—from all that is beastly in rank and treatment, and all that is terrible in irresponsible power,—this is an event in which free, republican, christian Americans feel no joy, and evince no interest! In honor of it, they will not fire a single gun, nor hoist a single flag, nor ring a single bell. They leave it to the subjects of a monarchical government, to 'agitators,' 'incendiaries' and 'madmen,' to 'free negroes,' to exult over it! Oh, I blush for my country, to think that an occurrence which is filling all heaven with gladness, excites not a throb in her obdurate heart! But how can she participate in the general festivity, while she is actively engaged in forging chains for the limbs of millions of her own children? The loudest in her boasts of liberty, she is the vilest of hypocrites and the worst of oppressors. Let her be clothed in sackcloth and ashes—let her brow and her lip be prostrated in the dust, for shame and confusion of face—and let her be the scorn of the earth, until she ceases to plunder the poor and defenceless, and to turn away the stranger from his right. Thanks be to God, there are at least seven thousand,—ay, seventy times seven thousand of her sons and daughters, who refuse to bow down to the Baal of slavery, set up in her midst. It is for them

to rejoice, therefore, on an occasion like this, and they do rejoice with joy unspeakable. In various parts of our widely extended territory, they are solemnizing this great jubilee with thanksgiving and praise to HIM, who, by his mighty hand, and outstretched arm, has wrought so great a deliverance. ‘Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!’

The event we are assembled to commemorate, cannot be overrated in importance, nor adequately described in any human dialect. Its altitude exceeds the highest flight of imagination; its circumference cannot be measured by human calculation; its ramifications extend through time into eternity. It has terminated such an amount of human suffering—effaced such frightful stains of blood—healed up so many wounds—rolled back such a tide of licentiousness—opened so many fountains of happiness—poured such a flood of light upon the darkness of ages—rescued so many victims from destruction—brought such glory to God—and removed such mountainous obstacles out of the path of the gospel of Christ—that neither men nor angels can compute the aggregate of blessings bestowed, or of horrors dispersed, by the extinction of West India slavery. It makes set phrases of speech, and formal attempts at description, seem almost contemptible. Words are for the common transactions of life—but not for an occasion like this. I tremble to proceed. The subject should have been committed to some master-mind, capable of doing something like justice to it. But what am I, in my poverty of speech, and my tediousness of manner, and my feebleness of mind, that I should adventure to grapple with it, or ‘soar to the height of this great argument?’

‘For I have neither wit, nor worth, nor words,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men’s blood.’

I speak, because the loftiest intellects in the land are dumb. A question of dollars and cents—respecting a modification of the Tariff Bill, or the regulation of the currency—can induce a WEBSTER loudly to declaim in Faneuil Hall; but the transformation of hundreds of thousands of slaves into freemen, is too trifling an affair to extort an approving sentence from his lips!—And the same thing is true of other giant minds. Politic men! Not that they love freedom less, but that they love popularity—‘that weed of the dunghill’—more! Verily, they shall have their reward. Let them refuse to hail this glorious jubilee, if they will. Their conduct demonstrates, that they have shrivelled souls, whatever may be the size of their intellects. LIBERTY, like her great author, GOD, is no respecter of persons; she chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. If the rulers in Church and State are not prepared to celebrate the most important victory she has ever obtained over oppression, it is because they are recreant to her cause. ‘Honor to whom honor is due.’

Before I proceed any further, let me call the attention of this assembly to a remarkable exemplification of the insincerity and effrontery of the anti-abolition party in this country, as manifested this day. What have they not done, for the last five years, to cast odium upon our principles and measures? Have they not ridiculed, without mercy, our demand for the immediate abolition of slavery, as wild, chimerical, monstrous? Has not the idea of ‘turning loose’ so many unlettered, penniless, homeless crea-

tures, seemingly filled them with horror? Have they not a thousand times declared, that a sudden emancipation would fill the land with blood, and be the signal for a war of extermination? Have they not attempted to show, that slavery is a divine institution, which has been approved by God, from patriarch Abraham to patriarch McDuffie—and is therefore perfectly consistent with christianity? Have they not claimed to be the only true philanthropists—the best friends of the slaves—the most tender-hearted among mankind? Have they not represented the slaves as incapable of taking care of themselves, and vehemently affirmed that their simultaneous liberation would bring forth another St. Domingo tragedy? Most certainly, all this they have said and done—and a great deal more, equally creditable to their common sense, benevolence and piety! Now, how do I prove them to be inconsistent, if not hypocritical—reckless of consequences, if not hard-hearted—lukewarm friends of humanity, if not her treacherous foes? I will show you. It is known throughout the country, that an abolition experiment is to be made this day, in the British West Indies, on a scale such as the world has never witnessed. All the slaves, belonging to the following islands, rose up this morning without a chain upon their limbs,—free men, free women, free children,—without an owner to oppress them, without a driver to order them into the field, without any other restraints upon them than those which bind all the subjects of Great Britain, whether at home or abroad! The cart-whip, the thumb-screw, the yoke, the fetter—all the infernal devices of slavery to extort unpaid labor and servile obedience—have disappeared as by enchantment!

Tortola emancipates 5,400; Montserrat, 6,200; Nevis, 6,600; Dominica, 15,400; St. Vincent, 23,500; Barbadoes, 82,000; Jamaica, 323,000; making a grand total of 462,100!

Now, I ask, if the apprehensions expressed by our opponents are not feigned; if they are sincere in their opinions; if they really credit their own assertions; if they are not actuated by selfishness; if they truly love their neighbors as themselves; if their humanity is not restricted by geographical boundaries;—if, in fine, they believe that to ‘turn loose,’ in the twinkling of an eye, large masses of imbruted slaves, will subject the planters to imminent peril, if not to certain destruction—why, in the names of consistency and humanity, are they so imperturbable, so entirely indifferent, so absolutely unconscious, as it were, in full view of what is now transpiring in the West Indies? How shall we account for their conduct, except at the expense of their understandings or their hearts? Why has not a national fast been ordered? Why do they not toll the bells, and sing funeral dirges? This they do, if but the President of the United States dies a *natural* death! And, lovers of mankind as they are,—can they do less when thousands of planters are given up to indiscriminate butchery, with their wives and children, by ‘turning loose’ upon them a troop of infuriated slaves? At least, can they not refrain from their usual merriment, or wear upon their countenances a semblance of concern, or affect to be horror-stricken? Do they not know that the abolitionists are looking them full in the face, and taking notes of their behavior, for the very purpose of recording it in print? Have they ‘remembered to forget’ that this is the first of August? Verily, it would seem so—or else

that they have been playing the part of hypocrites, for a long time past, for a very bad purpose, and with very bad success? How is it with the newspaper press? Are there no editorial wailings, no lachrymal forebodings, no *communicated* ebullitions of grief and horror? Why are not the Journal of Commerce, the Evening Star, the New York Gazette, the Commercial Advertiser, the Courier and Enquirer, the New York Observer, the Christian Advocate and Journal, dressed in deep mourning? Or have they already imprinted upon their pages, too many *black marks*, in testimony of their regard and sympathy for the robbers of God's poor, to render their multiplication necessary? **BLACK MARKS** indeed, which no chemical liquid shall be able to efface, nor any element destroy. If these shrewd, far-sighted, infallible editors shall tell us, as a reason for their present composure, that they mean to wait until they learn how the experiment works in Jamaica, before they commit themselves by shedding too many tears, and uttering too many groans, why then let us acknowledge that they have method in their madness; but while we commend their discretion, let us inquire after their consistency. Though they have been prophesying 'evil, and only evil, and that continually,' of any and every scheme of immediate emancipation,—though they have advanced it as a self-evident proposition, that bloodshed and ruin must be the inevitable consequence of letting all the oppressed go free at once,—it seems, after all, that they know nothing about the matter! What was beyond all doubt with them, a short time since, is now full of uncertainty—*they wait for intelligence!* It is possible that the thorn of emancipation will produce some very fine grapes—that the thistle of liberty will

grow some very nice figs—that a bad tree will bring forth some very choice fruits! They wish to do nothing rashly, for they are civilized and christian men, and as unlike the wild and headlong abolitionists as lynch-law is worse than common law! For once, they are puzzled—their vision is dim—they falter in their steps—they really cannot tell how many throats will be cut, or whether any mischief will be done this day, in the emancipated colonies. Every thing with them is in suspense—problematical—betwixt daylight and dark! They can hardly discern ‘men as trees walking’! Yet these are the keen scrutators, the severe admonishers, the discerning moralists, the profound logicians, the wise philosophers, the infallible prophets, the quick-sighted seers who perceive the end from the beginning, ‘looking before and after’—these, I say, who are now stumbling, doubting, waiting, in relation to a result they have all along asserted to be inevitable, are the very men who have held up the abolitionists to public scorn as fools or madmen, blind as to ‘consequences,’ ignorant of the relation of cause and effect, and incapable of understanding that bad principles and bad measures, if successful, (or, in other words, the sudden overthrow of the slave-system,) must inevitably lead to violence and bloodshed! O, most surely, they are the people, and wisdom will die with them! But the sooner such wisdom perishes from the earth, the better for mankind. So ends the serio-comico farce enacted three-hundred and sixty-five times a year, (Sundays not excepted,) for the last five years, by our unfortunate opponents. In what a pitiable plight do they stand! For, in one hour, all their ingenious sophistry, subtle jesuitism, metaphysical hair-splitting,—their confident predictions, their false accusations, their

legal postulates, and their biblical perversions,—together with the blood-red scourges and galling fetters of that detestable system* which they impiously labored to uphold,—have been broken in pieces by the sledge-hammer of Freedom, and consumed in the fire of immediate emancipation!

Now, look at the abolitionists, and observe with what exultation they greet this most eventful era! Where are they, but where they should be—crowding the public halls and temples of worship, to return thanks to Almighty God for the wonderful salvation he has effected for a people ‘peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot’! There is no fear in their hearts, no doubt in their eyes; for, in their reverence for the immutable principles of justice, they looked well to **CONSEQUENCES**. For a series of years, they have been proclaiming in the ears of oppressors, in season and out of season, the duty of instantly releasing all their slaves from bondage. They have marshalled together all the facts of history—the experience of all ages—the testimonies of the wise and good in all nations—proofs without number, and ‘strong as holy writ’—to demonstrate the impolicy, danger and wickedness of exercising oppression over the needy and defenceless. On the score of personal safety, of self-interest, they have strenuously urged the planters to give up their impious claim of property in human flesh. They have indignantly scouted the notion, as opposed to reason and revelation, as equally unphilosophical and unscriptural, that it is perilous to entrust men with their inalienable rights. They have challenged their opponents, in vain, to produce a single instance,

* So far as West India slavery is concerned.

in any quarter of the globe, from ancient or modern history, in which disastrous consequences have followed the removal of heavy burdens from the backs, and galling yokes from the necks of the oppressed, however feeble in intellect, or darkened in mind, or unprepared to enter upon 'liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' 'Give freedom to all whom you are unjustly retaining in bondage,' they have said to the masters, 'and, as true as the Lord liveth, there shall no evil befall you. Not a hair of your heads shall be injured, not a drop of your blood shall be shed, not a fragment of your property shall be destroyed. Instead of darkness, you shall have light; instead of tribulation, joy; instead of adversity, prosperity. For barrenness, you shall have fertility; for wasteful, indolent and revengeful serfs, provident, industrious and grateful laborers; for liability to servile insurrections, perfect exemption from danger. The execrations of your victims shall be turned into blessings; their wailings, into shouts of joy; the judgments of God, into mercies. Your peace shall flow like a river, for there shall be none to molest or make afraid. For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

Well,—God be praised!—the planters of Jamaica have this day resolved, with perfect unanimity, to try the experiment. Are the abolitionists troubled, that they have been taken at their word? Have they not some forebodings, that all will not turn out so well as they have predicted? None at all. They know whereof they affirm, and accurately perceive all the consequences of the emancipation act. 'They have taken a bond, not of fate, but of Him who cannot lie, and thus have made 'assurance doubly sure.' Hence it is, that, unlike those who have deprecated the measure as suicidal

on the part of the planters, they do not feel constrained to wait until they get intelligence from the West Indies, before they can pass judgment upon it. Hence it is, in various parts of the United States, throughout old England, among the highlands of Scotland, and in the Emerald Isle, they are now swelling the grand chorus of liberty,—

‘From every giant hill, companion of the cloud,
The startled echo leaps to give it back aloud!’

Now let ‘the base of heaven’s deep organ blow,’ and all that is harmonious in heaven or on earth take up the thrilling strain,—‘Glory to God in the highest!’

Our cautious opponents will perhaps admonish us not to be premature in our exultation. Perhaps they will sagely remind us, in the form of a homely adage, that it is not best to halloo until we get out of the woods. Sanguine as we are of good results, we may be wofully mistaken; and therefore we shall be on the safe side, to follow their prudent example—WAIT FOR INTELLIGENCE! Now, these admonitory suggestions prove the blindness, ignorance and skepticism of those who aspire to be our teachers and guides. If they would disburden their minds of prejudice, and calmly listen to the voice of reason, and believe what God has spoken, they would feel assured that tranquillity, order and happiness are reigning throughout the emancipated colonies. The difference between them and ourselves, in this matter, is, that we walk by faith, they by sight. We *believe*—therefore we rejoice! They cannot yet *see*—hence their reluctance to change their position! Now, was there ever a people so low or brutal as not to rejoice in being set free from bondage? Is it not morally impossible, that

the same act which fills them with gratitude and joy, should inflame them with revenge? If they will patiently suffer themselves to be

‘Yoked to the beasts, and driven to their toil,’—

if they will not lift up a finger in self-defence, when they are horribly scourged, branded with hot irons, defrauded of their earnings, sundered in traffic like cattle, and subjected to the most dreadful torments,—is it to be supposed, for the twentieth part of a moment, that, when they are released from such a condition, and raised to the level of our common humanity,—by the consent, too, of their masters,—they will engage in butchery, ‘cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,’ and make human blood flow like water? Nay, can it be rationally apprehended, that they will resort even to very slight acts of violence? On the contrary, is it not to be taken for granted, **AS A MATTER OF COURSE**, that they will manifest the liveliest gratitude, be docile as lambs, perform their paid labor with alacrity, and make each field and hill vocal with melody? ‘Instinct is a great matter’—what says instinct, in reply to these interrogations? What says common sense? What says history? What says holy writ? Are we, then, presumptuous in observing this day as a joyful festival? Run we any hazard of being premature in uttering our acclamations? Is it not our opponents, who occupy a ridiculous and painful attitude? O, they are anxiously *waiting for intelligence!* Why, what has been done in the West Indies, thus to fill them with perplexity,—thus to shake their theory of right and wrong,—thus to make it impossible for them to predict, whether joy or sorrow, order or anarchy, gratitude or revenge, a reign of peace or a hurricane of fire and blood, is to be the consequence? In the

first place, all the laborers in the seven islands which have been already specified,—comprising nine-tenths of the whole effective population,—are henceforth to receive wages for their work, instead of getting no compensation, as heretofore. They are no longer to be subjected to drivers, or coerced with the cart-whip, or driven into the field. No man may strike or oppress them. Their labor is to be voluntary—they may work as many or as few hours as they please—they are free to make their own contracts, to choose their own employers, to acquire and possess as much as industry and economy will enable them. Slave mothers are no more to be compelled to toil from dawn of day to the approach of night, in the open field, beneath a burning sun, dragging their infants with them. They may now give heed to the cries of nature, and administer to the wants of their helpless offspring, without being lacerated for their motherly tenderness. In short, honesty is to take the place of robbery, voluntary action that of brute violence, recompense is to go hand in hand with toil, wages are to be substituted for the whip. Under the slave-driving system in the Colonies, it appears, by returns made to the British Parliament, that not only was the natural increase of the slave population cut off, but, in the short space of eleven years, there had been a decrease to the frightful amount of FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN, or about FIVE THOUSAND annually! Now this wholesale butchery is to cease—the laborers cannot be worked to death with impunity. We turn to our opponents, and ask, whether this single item is not something gained to the cause of humanity—something that warrants, unattended by other favorable circumstances, a jubilee like the present? ‘Well, they don’t

know—honesty *may* prove to be the best policy—fair dealing and humanity are very good things, if they only turn out well in the end!’ They shake their heads doubtingly—they fear the experiment will prove ruinous to both the employers and employed—at all events, they *wait for intelligence!* Let us try again.

In the second place, the claim of property, whether absolutely or conditionally, in the bodies and souls of half a million of our race, expired by limitation at twelve o’clock last night, and can never be renewed. There are to be no more slave auctions—no more Sunderings of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, parents and children, lovers and friends, by the slave speculator. A legalized system of adultery, incest and concubinage is ended, and upon its ruins is established the marriage institution, sacred to virtue and love! The broken links of parental, filial and conjugal ties are reunited in a golden chain. O, it is dreadful to contemplate the reeking licentiousness, the abounding impurity, the Sodom-like beastiality, generated by that foul system which abrogated marriage, removed all virtuous restraints, and offered premiums on pollution! Blessed be God, it is over the downfall of that system we are met to rejoice. Its lava-tide of desolation is stayed, dried up, forever! Now, we turn once more to our opponents, and demand, whether this is not a signal gain to the cause of morality—a triumph of purity over the filthiness of the flesh, in which all the virtuous in heaven and on earth may participate, never doubting as to the ‘consequences,’ either in time or in eternity? ‘Well—they are not prepared to answer! They hope for the best, but fear the worst!’ ‘All’s well that ends well!’ They *‘wait for intelligence!’*

In the last place, (for it is needless, almost endless to recapitulate the benefits of this great measure,) the most formidable obstacle to the progress of Christianity,—greater than any which the Man of Sin, or the False Prophet, or Pagan Juggernaut, has been able to cast in her path,—is taken out of the way, so far as relates to the West Indies; and the gospel of Christ, not in isolated texts or perverted expositions, but in its completeness, can now be preached with all boldness, where but a short time since the missionaries of the Cross were cast into prison, or compelled to flee for their lives, and their chapels burnt to the ground. The statutes are repealed, which made it a crime worthy of stripes, imprisonment, or death, to give light to the blind, knowledge to the ignorant, succor to the perishing; which prohibited instruction in letters, the establishment even of primary schools, the circulation of the scriptures, and all measures for intellectual cultivation and moral improvement; which estimated the soul of a slave as the life of a beast, denied the immortality of our race, claimed to be of higher obligation than the commandments of God, and authorized all manner of inflictions upon our common nature. Ample protection is now given against violence and wrong; all restrictions against the liberty of the press, of speech, and of locomotion, are taken off; those who, yesterday, had no will or power of their own, may to-day go where they please, give free utterance to their thoughts, consult their own wishes; all the avenues to human elevation and infinite progression are thrown wide open; the bible may be read and circulated without let or hindrance; mind, intellect and heart are all permitted to develop themselves in the sunlight of liberty. Again, therefore, we turn to our opponents, and

ask whether here is not an incalculable gain to the cause of justice, virtue and religion? Can the 'consequences' of this change of administration be otherwise than good and glorious? May not the followers of Progress, the friends of Philanthropy, the disciples of Christianity, rejoice over it with all certainty as to its beneficent effects, even though not a day has passed since the experiment was put into operation? 'O, they are not inclined to answer—they are really puzzled to know whether more harm than good will not result from it—by the first of September, they hope to be able to form an opinion—they *wait for intelligence!*' True, the slave system has been cast into the bottomless pit—but then, they are persuaded a state of freedom is pregnant with far greater evils! True, the slaves can no longer be bought, sold, mortgaged, branded, cropped, manacled, lacerated, murdered with impunity—but then for this merciful exemption from suffering, it is to be apprehended that they will cut their masters' throats? True, learning may now be encouraged, schools established, the gospel enforced, extraordinary privileges enjoyed—but then, as a consequence of this state of things, plantations may be ravaged, the dwellings of the planters fired, and the awful scenes of St. Domingo witnessed!! O, well may Bedlam laugh at such stolidity, and shudder at such insensibility? What shall we think of such men? or what shall we say of them? It cannot be that they are in their right minds—or, if they are, that they are sincere in what they affirm. Ignorant they cannot be, for they make high pretensions to wisdom and knowledge. Talents they certainly possess; but, talents, though angel bright, may be turned into foolishness by perversion. It is impossible to believe them to be honest, unless at the expense

of their understandings. They deny self-evident propositions. They proclaim that all men are created free and equal, and endowed with inalienable rights, and then mob us for enforcing their own doctrine? They contend for the liberty of speech, and then subject us to lynch law for exercising that liberty! They expatiate upon the blessings of freedom, and then burn down our dwellings for proposing to extend those blessings to millions of our countrymen who are kept in the house of bondage! But enigmatical as their conduct may at first appear, it finds an easy solution. They despise, loathe, repudiate the colored man as a MAN—though they value him, cling to him, extol him, run after him from the borders of Texas to our northeastern boundary, as a SLAVE. They hate the colored race, cordially, unceasingly, implacably—not all of them so much as to desire their perpetual enslavement, but hate them to an extent which requires their banishment from the soil. They wish them out of sight—out of the land—out of the world, except they will go to Liberia, and then they will be pretty sure to be out of it in a very short time. The fire of their prejudice is unquenchable—all the waters of the Atlantic cannot extinguish it. They declare it to be an offence against good manners, good morals, christian decorum, and republican equality, to treat men irrespective of their complexion—nay, subversive of the American Union, and destructive of the peace of Zion! They maintain that it is ‘an ordination of heaven,’ as unalterable as the laws of nature, that there should be no intercourse between the white and colored races, except as masters and slaves: hence, emancipation and expulsion must be inseparable. The conformation of the black man is to them a source of merriment. They sometimes

affect to doubt whether he belongs to the *genus* HOMO—whether he is, in fact, a member of the human family. If they have enslaved him, the color of his skin is invaluable to identify him, in case (as will most probably be the case,) he shall take to himself legs, and run away. If he is free in their midst, his complexion is a nuisance. They send a man to the hospital, if he has the small-pox or cholera; but, if he has a sable complexion, he must go to Liberia! And very poor medical attendance will he receive when he gets there, though he will need it greatly. The cholera may be cured—but *a sable skin admits of no remedy!* Besides all this—a very large portion of our opponents are slaveholders—and it would be very strange if they were not found in array against us; for, whoever sides with them in this great controversy, takes part against their victims—that is, against justice and humanity. They may, indeed, as we trust they will, come over to us, in imitation of the cheering example which has been set them in the West Indies, but we can never go over to them. Now, subtract from the ranks of the anti-abolition party, all who own slaves, or have mortgages upon slave property, or who are in any way interested in the system—all their relations and acquaintances who sympathize with them—all who cherish the brutal spirit of caste towards the victims of American barbarity—all who love their denominational or political party more than mankind—all who are seeking the loaves and fishes of office in Church or State—and all who are licentious, profane, jacobinical in their spirit—how many unprejudiced, tender-hearted, noble-spirited souls would be left? Be they few or many, they are fast coming over to the side of bleeding humanity. But, controlled by such influences, passions and interests, is it to be won-

dered at that our opponents, whenever they discourse upon the subject of slavery, and the rights of the colored race, talk like men in a state of lunacy—deny their own faith—insist that two and two make nine, and that twice nine make forty-five—grow angry, spiteful, turbulent—conjure up raw-head and bloody bones, dire chimeras, and *black* ghosts—run away from the light of free discussion as sheep-devouring wolves troop back to their murky dens at the dawn of day—substitute rotten eggs for arguments, brickbats for syllogisms, and tar-and-feathers for victorious appeals—burn down buildings dedicated to ‘VIRTUE, LIBERTY, INDEPENDENCE,’ resort to bowie knives and pistols as their weapons of defence, and imbrue their hands in the blood of innocency? Why, these things should excite no marvel—they are the natural ‘consequences’ of such principles. The measures are adapted to the principles, and the principles to the measures. Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? Can that which is evilly disposed, which is proscriptive, oppressive, cruel, delight in peace on earth and good will toward *all* men?

I have said that abolitionists *believe*, therefore they now rejoice; that their opponents walk by *sight*, and very short-sighted they are withal. They *wait for intelligence!* It will come by and by—come to their confusion, let me tell them! Nay—deride the fact as they may—it *has* come already! Though the sun of this time-consecrated day has not yet disappeared from the heavens—though it is not twenty-four hours since the event we are commemorating took place in a distant island—yet tidings of the result have been received in this city, from high authority, which I am permitted to announce in the ears of the people. They were brought by

no human express, and are authenticated by no fictitious sign manual. The messenger is the Spirit of Truth, sent down from heaven, his documents having the seal and signet of the Lord Almighty! What was done last night in Jamaica? At 12 o'clock, precisely, all the bands of wickedness were loosed, the heavy burdens undone, the oppressed set free, and every yoke broken—according to the command of God! What has followed in Jamaica? Its light *broke forth as the morning*, and its health shall spring forth speedily! Its darkness *is as the noonday*! It shall be satisfied in drought, and its bones made fat—yea, it shall be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of it shall build THE OLD WASTE PLACES: it shall raise up the foundations of many generations; and it shall be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in! 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*' Who discredits this intelligence? Who doubts whether the facts are just as they are represented? None who take God at his word—none who implicitly believe that he is faithful, and cannot lie—none but those who are practically infidels! If it be a dream, still, 'the dream is *certain*, and THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF SURE!'

But this will not satisfy our opponents; for, as they regard not the colored man, so neither in this matter do they fear God. They want better testimony—the reports of pro-slavery journals and colonization repositories, some four or six weeks hence, respecting the workings of the free labor system: then, peradventure, they will believe, even if it confirms what God foretold. would certainly come to pass! They leave fa-

* Isaiah Chap. lviii.

natics and mad-men to cant about walking by faith : as for themselves, they will take nothing upon trust. They will believe their own eyes. They will see what the Journal of Commerce, or the Courier and Enquirer, or the Commercial Advertiser, or the New York Observer, or the Washington Globe, and other kindred prints say of this affair, and make up their minds accordingly. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' say they.

Very well—I will not stop to pick a feather from the wing of that full-fledged adage. Let them have their own way in the argument, for whichever path they choose, their escape is impossible. They will hear nothing, it seems, about 'faith,' 'promises,' 'light,' 'darkness,' 'repairs,' 'ruins,' or any such cabalistical nonsense. They are your practical, cautious, shrewd, calculating men. They know what they know, and believe what they believe—among other things, that to steal a sixpence out of their own pockets is a crime deserving the frown of heaven, and condign punishment by the magistrate, but that to kidnap a whole plantation of negroes is no crime at all, but a patriarchal exploit, which heaven smilingly approves ! But I press to the point. Between them and us, for a long time past, there has been a warm controversy as to the 'consequences,' that would follow the immediate emancipation of large bodies of slaves, without education, ignorant even of its lowest rudiments. We have maintained, that such an act, if voluntarily performed by the masters, or effected in any peaceful manner, would be safe, bloodless, profitable, and mutually advantageous to all parties. They have asserted, that it would involve both masters and slaves in one common ruin—that the soil would be left uncultivated, the plantations devastated, and butchery be the order

of the day—that, in short, it would be, ‘chaos come again,’ with thick-brooding darkness, and threnching horrors!—Now for a practical trial of our conflicting theories. Our opponents very well know, that, four years ago, just such an experiment was made, on a large scale, under disadvantageous circumstances, where there were 15 blacks to 1 white—a most unequal disproportion, surely! In one hour, not less than 30,000 slaves were transformed into freemen! Now let them tell us, whether *one* of their frightful anticipations has been realized—whether *all* our happy predictions have not been fulfilled to the letter. One—two—three—four years have elapsed since that adventurous step was taken, though the planters might have retained their authority for the term of six years longer. Well, during all that time, has a single throat been cut, or a drop of blood spilt, or lynch law administered in a single case, or an embryo conspiracy detected, or the ghost of a rebellion seen? No. Has the property of the planters been injured to the amount of a farthing? No. Has any plantation been left uncultivated? Have the emancipated slaves refused to work? Have they shown the slightest disposition to be idle, turbulent, or intractable? No. On the contrary, has not the measure been attended with the happiest consequences, in detail and in the aggregate! Yes. Are not the employers (now masters no longer,) enjoying unwonted security, an enviable peace of mind, and a splendid recompense of reward for well-doing? Yes. Are not the employed, (now unpaid laborers no longer,) industrious, economical, orderly, docile almost to a fault, filled with grateful emotions, aspiring after intellectual and moral cultivation; and rejoicing continually over the boon of liberty? Yes—these facts are notorious.

How do our opponents get over them? They can neither get over, or under, or around them, nor escape their flaming omnipresence by flight. How is it that cause and effect have ceased relationship—that the best possible result has accompanied the worst possible act—that a fire-brand, thrown into a powder magazine, creates no explosion—that water runs up hill, and a thousand other miracles are witnessed—that the planters are not torn limb from limb, and all their property annihilated;—how is it, I repeat, that our opponents have witnessed the laws of nature reversed, (if we may believe them,) their own ingenious theories turned topsy-turvy, and every prediction of the ‘fanatical’ abolitionists’ literally fulfilled, and they have made no confession of error, uttered no exclamation of surprise, attempted no explanation of these remarkable phenomena? How is it, that they are so stoical, so phlegmatic, so dumb! I have conceded too much to their humanity. I have said that they are *waiting for intelligence* from Jamaica, in regard to the transactions of this day in that island, before they hail the emancipation act as a blessing. But THEY WILL NOT HAIL IT, though it shall appear that the very windows of heaven have been opened, and such a blessing poured out that there was no room to receive it. They will be filled with chagrin, with ill-digested spleen, with undiminished hostility to the emancipation of their own down-trodden countrymen. They will behave precisely as they have done in the case of Antigua. They profess to be humane, patriotic, christian men, anxious to see the cause of human freedom advancing in the earth; yet how have they welcomed the intelligence, that emancipation works well in Antigua, and is going on ‘in the full tide of successful experiment?’ Positively, in a manner

that would be disgraceful to barbarians! They have studiously attempted to garble and suppress facts, to wink out of sight what an adoring universe will ever contemplate with delight, to forget what shall be held in everlasting remembrance! I appeal to the world, steeped as it is in pollution and iniquity—I appeal to heaven, in its immaculate purity and resplendent glory—if they were virtuous men, would they not rejoice to know that a system of legalized concubinage and prostitution has come to an end? If they were patriotic, would they not exult at the peaceful overthrow of a worse than Turkish despotism? If they were philanthropic, would they not shout aloud in view of misery assuaged, broken hearts comforted, wounds and putrifying sores healed up, the lame leaping like the roe, the blind restored to sight, the deaf made to hear, and the dumb to speak? If they were lovers of justice, would they not delight in the fact, that the lynch code of slavery, as administered for ages to an immense multitude of their fellow creatures, has been superseded by constitutional law, giving ample protection to the meanest of them all? If they were truly pious, would they not give glory to God, that where it was until recently fettered and gagged, the gospel may now have free course and be glorified? that a mighty obstacle to the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom has been removed out of the way? that where the Bible has been a prohibited book, it may now be freely circulated? that where mental and moral improvement has been forbidden under severe penalties, all restrictions are taken off, and light and knowledge are abounding? But they do not rejoice—they do not shout aloud, (no, not even whisper!)—they do not give glory to God! How is their hypocrisy, their hard-heartedness, their contempt for

the colored race, made manifest ! How are they judged in the presence of angels and mankind !

They walk by *sight*, forsooth ! Why not look then at Antigua ? That is a 'sight' worth looking at ! But the light is too strong for their weak vision. If there had been 'blood and carnage' in that island, they could have beheld it with 'philosophical composure'—it would have helped them to an argument, and arguments with them are very scarce—it would have served to make plausible their scare-crow theory of emancipation, now, alack ! proved to the satisfaction of the veriest cowards in christendom, to be nothing but a scare-crow with an air-drawn dagger ! They looked—but hearing songs of praise instead of the agonies of the dying—seeing every man's hand, instead of turned against another, extended in fraternal kindness—behold-ing the whole face of society renovated, and all things presenting an animated aspect—why should they look more than once ? Are disagreeable objects to be contemplated with satisfaction ? Is the mirror, that clearly reveals one's deformity, a source of pleasure to the beholder ? No indeed ! At least, so think our opponents !

I proceed now, with all brevity, to show in what manner the boon of freedom was received by the slaves of Antigua and Bermuda ; and the first witness I shall summon upon the stand is Lord BROUGHAM, whose gigantic exertions in the cause of emancipation entitle him to the gratitude of mankind. In an elegant speech, delivered by him in the House of Lords, Feb. 20th, 1838, on this subject, he testifies as follows :

'The first of August arrived—that day so confidently and joyously anticipated by the poor slaves, and so sorely dreaded by their hard task-masters ; and if ever there was a picture interesting to look upon—if ever there was a passage in the history of a people, redound-

ing to their eternal honor—if ever there was a complete refutation of all the scandalous calumnies which had been heaped upon them for ages, as if in justification of the wrongs which we had done them—that picture and that passage are to be found in the uniform and unvarying history of that people throughout the whole of the West India Islands. Instead of the fires of rebellion, lit by a feeling of lawless revenge and resistance to oppression, the whole of those islands were, like an Arabian scene, illuminated by the light of contentment, joy, peace, and good will towards all men. No civilized people, after gaining an unexpected victory, could have shown more delicacy and forbearance than was exhibited by the slaves at the great moral consummation which they had attained. There was not a look or a gesture, which could gall the eyes of their masters. Not a sound escaped from negro lips, which could wound the ears of the most feverish planter in the islands. All was joy, mutual congratulation and hope.’

So far the testimony of Lord Brougham. Thus much for the horrors of immediate emancipation! Thus much in proof, that slaves are contented and happy, and would not be free if they could! O, if there were time, it would be a delightful task to give the details of events, as they transpired in Antigua, in 1834. But a single extract from Thome and Kimball’s *Journal* must suffice: it contains an Alexandrian library of pathos and sublimity in a single paragraph:

‘The Wesleyans kept ‘watch-night’ in all their chapels on the night of the 31st July [the evening preceding the day of emancipation.] The spacious chapel in St. John’s was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing, and honor, and glory to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises, the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed,

that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees, and receive the boon of freedom in silence! Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first note, the immense assembly fell prostrate on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering, half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the ears of the multitude; peel on peel, peel on peel, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolated chords and weary heart-strings! Scarcely had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they broke forth in prayer; they shouted, they sung, 'glory,' 'alleluia;' they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but, high above the whole, there was a mighty sound, which ever and anon swelled up—it was the utterings, in broken negro dialect, of gratitude to God. After this gush of excitement had spent itself, and the congregation became calm, the religious exercises were resumed, and the remainder of the night was occupied in singing and prayer, in reading the Bible, and in addresses from the missionaries, explaining the nature of the freedom just received, and exhorting the freed people to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws, and to show themselves in all things worthy of the high boon which God had conferred upon them.'

Nothing can surpass the sublimity of the scene, or add to the power of its description.

'None but itself can be its parallel'!

And yet, how natural the conduct, how reverent the spirit, how exquisite the sensibility, how overwhelming the gratitude of these condemned ones! I say, *how natural their conduct!* They had obtained all they wished for—why should they think of butchering those who had set them free? The idea is preposterous. Yet it is upon record, that several American vessels, which had lain for weeks in the harbor of St.

John's, weighed anchor on the 31st July, and made their escape, through actual fear that the island would be destroyed on the following day!! There is a specimen of republican reverence for liberty! That is the way we encourage tyranny to give up its victims! What fit subjects for a slaveholding master, the captains of those vessels must have been! O, the cowardly, recreant unbelievers—the liberty-hating, *consistent* members of a confederacy of oppressors!

No throats were cut in Antigua! And an equally *astonishing* fact is, the slaves wanted to be free, and don't want to return to bondage! And, perhaps, what will surprise our opponents most of all is,—the Governor of Antigua being witness,—‘the PLANTERS all concede that emancipation has been a great blessing to the island: he does not know of a single individual who wishes to return to the old system.’ ‘He is well acquainted with the country districts of England, and has also travelled extensively in Europe; yet he has never found such a peaceable, orderly, and law-abiding people as the emancipated slaves of Antigua.’ On being interrogated as to the workings of the new system, one of the planters, (Dr. Daniel) said—‘The planters, by giving immediate freedom, had secured the attachment of their people: it had removed all danger of insurrection, conflagration and conspiracies.’ Another planter, (Mr. Hatley) said—‘Formerly, it was *whip—whip—whip*—incessantly, but now we are relieved from this disagreeable task.’ Another, (Hon. Samuel O. Baijer) said—‘I can cultivate my estate at least one third cheaper by free labor than by slave labor.’ Another, (Hon. N. Nugent) said—‘there is not the slightest feeling of insecurity—quite the contrary. Property is more secure, for all

idea of insurrection is abolished forever. My family go to sleep every night with the doors unlocked, and we fear neither violence nor robbery.' Another said—'Now, the security of property was so much greater in Antigua than it was in England, he thought it doubtful whether he should ever *venture* to take his family thither, as he had long contemplated doing.' Another, (H. Armstrong, Esq.) said—'There is no possible danger of personal violence from the emancipated slaves. Should a foreign power invade our island, I have no doubt, that the negroes would, to a man, fight for the planters.' Another, (Dr. Ferguson) said—'The credit of the island has decidedly improved. Its internal prosperity is advancing in an increased ratio. More buildings have been erected since emancipation, than for twenty years before.' An estate which, previous to emancipation, could not be sold for £600 current, lately brought £2000. 'All persons, of all professions, testify to the fact, that *marriages* are rapidly increasing. In truth, there was scarcely such a thing as marriage before the abolition of slavery. The whole number of marriages, during ten years previous to emancipation, was but *half* as great as the number for a single year following emancipation!' The effect wrought upon PREJUDICE is very remarkable. Before emancipation, the spirit of caste was strong and rampant. How is it now? 'All distinctions,' says the Governor of Antigua, 'founded in color, must be abolished every where. We should learn to talk of men, not as *colored* men, but as MEN, as fellow citizens and fellow subjects.' His secretary is a colored gentleman. The language of one of the Wesleyan missionaries to Messrs. Thome and Kimball* was, 'Tell

* This young philanthropist has been cut down in the midst of his growing usefulness; having 'answer-

the American brethren, that, much as we desire to visit the United States, we cannot go, so long as we are prohibited from speaking against slavery, or while that *abominable prejudice* is encouraged in the churches. We could not administer the sacrament to a church, in which the distinction of colors was maintained.' The revolution of opinion in the midst of the planters, respecting slavery and the abolitionists, is worthy of especial observation. Says the Hon. N. Nugent, 'The anti-slavery party in England were detested here for their fanatical and reckless course. Such was the state of feeling previous to emancipation, that it would have been certain disgrace for any planter to have avowed the least sympathy with anti-slavery sentiments. The humane might have their hopes and aspirations, and they might secretly long to see slavery ultimately terminated; but they did not dare to make such feelings public. They would at once have been branded as the enemies of their country!' Says another planter, (James Scotland, sen.) 'The opinions of the clergymen and missionaries, with the exception of, I believe, a few clergymen, were favorable to emancipation; but neither in their conduct, preaching or prayers, did they declare themselves openly, until the measure of abolition was determined on. Whoever was known, or suspected of being an advocate for freedom, became the object of vengeance, and was sure to suffer, if in no other way, by a loss of part of his business.'

ed life's great end,' and therefore lived long, though his years were few. The grave has received his mortal body, but his spirit soared joyfully to heaven on the strong wings of faith, where we believe he is rejoicing with us, with peculiar ecstasy, in unison with angels, and 'the spirits of the just made perfect,' on this great day of jubilee.

Now how changed is the scene ! ‘ Anti-slavery is the popular doctrine among all classes. He is considered an enemy to his country, who opposes the principles of liberty. The planters look with astonishment at the continuance of slavery in the United States, and express their strong belief that it must soon terminate here and throughout the world. They hailed the arrival of the French and American visitors on tours of inquiry as a bright omen. Distinguished abolitionists are spoken of in terms of respect and admiration. An agent of the English Anti-Slavery Society now resides in St. John’s, and keeps a book-store, well stocked with anti-slavery books and pamphlets. The bust of GEORGE THOMPSON stands conspicuously upon the counter, looking forth upon the public street.’ At a public meeting attended by the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, a resolution approving of their mission was adopted by rising. ‘ Not an individual in the crowded congregation kept his seat. The masters and the slaves of yesterday, all rose together—a phalanx of free-men—to testify ‘ their sincere sympathy ’ in the efforts and objects of American abolitionists ! ’ At a dinner party in Barbadoes, the planters complimented Messrs. Thome and Kimball, by giving their health, and wishing ‘ success to their most laudable undertaking.’ Though the contrary was pretended before the abolition of slavery, (as it is now in our own country, in order to stop ‘ agitation, ’) the planters now ingeniously confess, that there was far less cruelty exercised by them during the anti-slavery excitement in England. ‘ They were always on their guard to escape the notice of the abolitionists. They did not wish to have their names published abroad, and to be exposed as monsters

of cruelty.† There are many other equally instructive facts. ‘*Before* emancipation, martial law invariably prevailed on the holidays; but the very first Christmas after emancipation, the Governor made a proclamation, stating that, in consequence of the abolition of slavery, it was no longer necessary to resort to such a precaution.’ In fact, ‘the main constabulary force is now composed of emancipated negroes, living on the estates.’ So, there can be no more slave insurrections in Antigua, though it is not impossible that there may now and then be a mob of ‘gentlemen of property and standing.’ No more is heard about Paul sending Onesimus back to his master—the passage ceases to be translated, ‘*Slaves, obey your masters*’—not an allusion is made to the example of the patriarchs—the Levitical code has suddenly become obsolete in the light of the British Constitution and the gospel of Christ! As to the willingness of the emancipated slaves to work, there is abundant testimony. We have a proverb among ourselves, that one can tell whether a mechanic is to work by the day or the job, by listening to the sound of his hammer. If by the day, the tune is ‘*Largo*,’ thus: ‘By—the—day! by—the—day!’ If by the job, it is ‘*Prestissimo*’—‘By the job, job, job! by the job, job, job!’ That is human nature—that is the instinct of self interest, which is indeed ‘a great matter’ to white and black alike. It is just so in Antigua. The laborers work very industriously by—the—day, though they receive but eleven cents as compensation; but they work still better *by the job*. One planter testifies—‘When they had jobs given them, they would sometimes go to work by three o’clock in the morning, and work

† Testimony of David Cranstoun, Esq., a planter.

by moonlight. When the moon was not shining, he has known them to kindle fires among the trash or dry cane leaves, to work by. They would then continue all day working until four o'clock, stopping only for breakfast, and dispensing with the usual intermission from twelve to two.' So much for the laziness of the negroes, which nothing but a cart-whip can stimulate! When we consider how small is the pittance which they receive, it is amazing to learn 'how that *the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty*, abound unto the riches of their liberality.' For, besides supporting their families, they are contributing to Sunday schools, missionary objects, the support of religious worship, the distribution of the Bible, and to a multitude of benevolent and moral associations, to the amount of thousands of dollars annually! Injured, calumniated, wonderful people! Lord BROUGHAM, as a proof of their extraordinary industry, asserts that 'during the year which followed the first of August, 1834, twice as much sugar per hour, and of a better quality, as compared with the preceding years, was stored throughout the sugar districts; and that one man, a large planter, has expressly avowed, that with twenty freemen, he could do more work than with a hundred slaves, or fifty indentured apprentices. Now, I maintain,' continues Lord Brougham, 'that had we known what we now know of the character of the negroes, neither would the compensation (of £20,000,000 sterling) have been given to the slave-owners, nor we have been guilty of proposing to keep the negro in slavery five years, after we were decided that he had a right to his freedom. The money had, in fact, been paid to them by mistake; and, were the transaction one between man and man, an action for its recovery might lie.'

Such are some of the glorious ‘consequences’ which have attended the immediate overthrow of slavery in Antigua—such they will be in Jamaica and the other islands, and in the southern States of America, whenever a similar event takes place. Think you, there is one person in Great Britain, male or female, rich or poor, who has signed one memorial, or offered up one prayer, or made one effort, or contributed one mite, for the extinction of the West India slave system, that regrets the deed? O no! They recur to it with pleasing satisfaction, lamenting only that they had not been more fervent in spirit, more liberal in giving, and more zealous in hastening so blissful a consummation!

Some people are quite astounded at the prosperous state of things in Antigua. They seem to regard it as almost miraculous. It is no miracle at all! It is no more surprising than the autumnal harvest obtained from the sowing of seed in spring time. It is the natural result of well-doing, unattended by aught that is mysterious or incredible. Remembering what man is—in whose image he is created—what are the motives by which he is made to be controlled—under what government the Almighty has placed him, a free, moral, accountable agent—what promises that glorious being holds forth to those who let the oppressed go free—I am surprised at nothing which has transpired in any of the West India islands. My surprise would have been unfeigned, my disappointment great, had there been a different result. As a believer in Divine Revelation—as a worshipper at the shrine of Christianity—is it for me to be astonished when God exactly fulfils his word? No. When he fails in a single instance, to maintain his veracity, then may I well distrust him for ever?

What has *God* wrought? God, I say—not man—not any body of men—but GOD!

‘Him first, him last, him middle—without end!’

The means, the principles, the measures, the weapons, by which this mighty victory has been achieved, are all of Him. To Him, therefore, be ascribed all the honor, renown, praise and glory—exclusively, universally, eternally! Yea, ‘let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him: for he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.’ But, while ‘no flesh shall glory’ in this matter, we are permitted, and it is our duty, to remember with admiration and gratitude the instruments which God has used to effect his great design. This day, then—as philanthropists, lovers of our race, co-workers in the cause of human liberty—let us unite in proffering our heartfelt acknowledgements to the faithful and fearless, the indefatigable and uncompromising, the generous and victorious friends of negro emancipation across the Atlantic—the noble men and women of Great Britain—by whom, under God, the cause has been carried through to a triumphant termination. Animated by their example, and taking fresh encouragement from their success, let us redouble our exertions to deliver our own oppressed countrymen from the yoke of slavery. Richly are they entitled to the gratitude and applause of mankind. I have called them *noble men* and NOBLE WOMEN—for, had it not been for the superior devotedness, activity and perseverance of the WOMEN of England, Scotland and Ireland, rekindling the expiring torch of philanthropy, from time to time, and stimulating anew the flagging zeal of religion, it is historically certain that the vast multitude, who are this day rejoicing in freedom, throughout

the British West India islands, would now be pining in slavery, without any prospect of a speedy, or peaceful deliverance. Let it never be forgotten in the history of human liberty, that the doctrine which has annihilated the slave system in the West Indies, and will subvert it in America—the only doctrine that has power to stop the slave-trade, to extirpate slavery universally without the shedding of blood, to rescue and redeem benighted, suffering Africa—the doctrine of **IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION**—was first promulgated in Great Britain by a **WOMAN—ELIZABETH HEYRICK**. Her memory shall be cherished by unborn ages and shall diffuse,

‘Through the dark depths of Time, a vivid flame.’

To recite the long catalogue of the names of those—both men and women—who have been instrumental in achieving this great work of mercy, would require a large amount of time. How impossible is it, then, to do justice to their merits on this occasion! How many of them have been pre-eminent as leaders and standard-bearers in the holy cause! There are others who have been less conspicuous, but not less devoted and zealous—wholly unknown to fame, but not less valuable as co-workers,—who, though they may never receive the plaudits of mankind, or be identified personally in history, are nevertheless equally precious in the sight of God, and shall not fail to receive a just reward. It was not for any one of them to say to another, ‘Thou art too insignificant to be of any consequence—I have no need of thee.’ Far from it! It required **ALL OF THEM**, combined in a solid phalanx, to overcome the giant foe of God and man; hence, *each one shares in the victory*. Some of them fell in the hottest of the conflict,

‘having received a good report *through faith*’—joyfully anticipating, though not beholding as we do, the fulfilment of the promise. The late arrivals from England bring intelligence of the death of an aged veteran in the cause—the long-tried, respected, spotless **ZACHARY MACAULAY**, the early associate of **WILBERFORCE** and **CLARKSON**, and not a whit behind either of them in ceaseless vigilance, unquenchable zeal, or laborious effort. No man has done so much with his pen, to expose the cruelties and horrors of West India slavery. For many years, he conducted the ‘**ANTI-SLAVERY REPORTER**’ with such consummate ability, such rare candor, such statistical accuracy and official veracity, that it was quoted as high authority in Parliament, by those who opposed as well as those who advocated the abolition of colonial servitude. When I visited London, it was my privilege to enjoy his society, and to receive from him the right hand of fellowship. He welcomed me to his table, gave me all the weight of his powerful influence, knelt down by my side in prayer, and invoked the blessing of God upon my head—upon the consecrated band of American abolitionists, who were struggling for the rescue of perishing millions against the prejudices and passions of a powerful nation. For a time, he was duped into the belief, that the American Colonization Society was a beneficent institution; but almost immediately saw it in its true character—a rotten, hypocritical, anti-christian combination—the ally of slavery, and the enemy of the colored race—Satan transformed into an angel of light. His name is enrolled upon the celebrated ‘**PROTEST**’ against that Society, (as ‘an obstruction to the progress of liberty **THROUGHOUT THE WORLD**,’) which was signed by some of the most distin-

guished philanthropists in England, the name of **WILBERFORCE** standing first on the list—and which fell like a thunderbolt upon it. He has gone, having toiled more than half a century in the cause of bleeding Africa—just as the consummation of his prayers and wishes—just as the shouts of the liberated bondmen were bursting upon his ear! Venerable man! thou wast a good and faithful servant, and hast entered into the joy of thy Lord!

‘Gone to thy heavenly Father’s rest—
 The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!
 And on thine ear, the murmurs blest
 Of Shiloah’s waters softly flowing!
 Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
 In Christian firmness unto death;
 And beautiful, as sky and earth,
 When Autumn’s sun is downward going,
 The blessed memory of thy worth
 Around thy place of slumber glowing!’

But time would fail me to tell of the labors of Buxton, of Cropper, of Stephen, of Suffield, of O’Connell, of Wardlaw, of Stuart, and of **STURGE**—the last by no means the least, but unsurpassed in his munificence, in his spirit of investigation, in his abhorrence of cruelty, and in his efforts for the complete extinction of West India slavery—yet living in the freshness of manhood, one of the world’s loveliest ornaments, and most useful of mankind. There is another name which it would be unpardonable in me not to single out in this connexion, with high commendation—a name dear to millions in Europe and America—a name more durable than marble, more precious than the gold of Ophir, more illustrious than that of princes. I allude to **GEORGE THOMPSON**—the most laborious, and gifted, and successful advocate of African emancipation, it has pleased the Almighty

to raise up, since the days of Granville Sharpe. Grasping the doctrine which ELIZABETH HEYRICK only lived to enunciate and defend in a single pamphlet—the sharp, two-edged, omnipotent doctrine of immediate emancipation—he stood forth the champion of inalienable human rights, in behalf of the slave population, against hoary-headed expediency, time-honored gradualism, and ancient selfishness. His appeals electrified the people. Wherever he went, HUMANITY smiled, TRUTH bore the palm of victory, and LIBERTY covered his brow with laurels. It was mainly owing to the astonishing impulse that he gave to public sentiment,—to ‘his powers of analysis, powers of argument, powers of wit, powers of persuasion, powers of eloquence,’—that, in 1833, a majority of the House of Commons was returned by the people, pledged to vote for the immediate abolition of colonial slavery. I was in England at that time, on a mission from the abolitionists of New England. It was a solemn and eventful crisis! There stood a pledged House—the petitions for the instant abrogation of the slave code poured into Parliament, a wide-spread, resistless inundation! Thundering at the doors of that body stood **THE PEOPLE**, of all parties in politics, and sects in religion, of all ranks and conditions, demanding justice to the enslaved, freedom to all dwelling under the British flag, in whatever quarter of the globe. Every thing looked propitious. The slaveholding faction seemed to have given up in despair. It was only to have reached out the hand, ‘in full assurance of faith,’ and the prize had been won. Just at that moment—O, lamentable defection!—the leading abolitionists, the veterans in age and experience, were seized with an unaccountable tremor—they faltered—they abandoned the

ground of principle for that of expediency, through mistaken views of duty. The British ministry—ever on the side of the planters—saw their irresolution, and wofully took advantage of it. A shameful compromise was made, by which one hundred millions of dollars were wrung out of the tax-burdened people of England, and paid to the planters, and an apprenticeship of seven years (slavery with another name) was fastened upon the toil-worn laborers of the colonial plantations. Thus, in one moment, was the cup of liberty dashed from 800,000 fevered lips to the ground. A Spartan band of abolitionists—chiefly of the younger class—were indomitable in their opposition to this compromise. Among them was **GEORGE THOMPSON**. I thank God that I also protested against it, in the name of my enslaved countrymen. But the bargain was made, and the experiment went into operation. In the meantime, at the earnest solicitation of the friends of emancipation in this country, **Mr. THOMPSON** came over to these shores, to advocate those inalienable rights which Americans in theory concede to all mankind. Of what he did and what he suffered here, all are aware. His labors were abundant and invaluable—his constancy and intrepidity remarkable. His treatment at the hands of the people is a dark chapter in the history of the United States. He was reviled, calumniated, hunted for his life, till, in the judgment of us all, it was no longer safe for him to remain among us. The guiding hand of Providence led him back to his native land, to accomplish a work that was indispensable. The West India planters, by their conduct, had forfeited their contract with the government, and the apprenticeship was proved to be, in some of its aspects, worse than slavery.

Another campaign, therefore, was to be commenced for the immediate repeal of this impracticable and cruel experiment. Anti-slavery agitation had been laid to sleep—almost hopeless was the prospect of success! Yet, nothing daunted, GEORGE THOMPSON gave himself to the work with almost superhuman ability, zeal and strength. No other man in England, (and if not in England, no other man in the world,) could have made such an impression, or accomplished so much in the same space of time. Once more, at his trumpet-call, the people of Great Britain came to the rescue, and lo! the day of jubilee is come! God grant that this beloved brother may speedily renew his visit to our land, to receive blessing for cursing, honor for reproach, and applause for condemnation!

‘ Where mammon hath its altars
 Wet o’er with human blood,
 And pride and lust debases
 The workmanship of God,
 There shall his praise be spoken,
 Redeemed from falsehood’s ban,
 When the fetters shall be broken,
 And the *slave* shall be a MAN!’

A word to you, my colored friends and associates, and I have done. Your emotions, this day, are unutterable. Many of you have known the woes and the horrors of slavery by experience. Many of you bear the marks of the whip and the branding-iron upon your bodies, and have worn the yoke and the chain. None can sympathize so deeply with those who yet remain in bondage, or rejoice so fervently with those who are set free, as yourselves. The fact, that you are now observing this jubilee—that this meeting is under your direction—is another decisive proof, that you regard liberty as a jewel above all price, and a state of slavery

the worst of all conditions. What cause have we all for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God! How may the southern slaves dance in their fetters, for the time for their redemption draws nigh! In the Journal of Thome and Kimball, there is an anecdote related of an aged colored saint in Antigua, called Grandfather Jacob. When told that there were slaves in America, and that they were not yet emancipated, he exclaimed, 'Ah, de Saviour make me free, and he will make dem free too. *He come to Antigo first—HE'LL BE IN 'MERICA soon.*' That is 'the spirit of prophecy.' 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith.' **HE WILL BE IN AMERICA SOON!** Amen! Be warned, O ye oppressors, and repent! Come, O Father of mercies, and break the rod of oppression! Come, O Holy Spirit, and melt the heart of the master, and the fetters of his slaves! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and bind up the broken-hearted, and set the captive free!

Brethren, the slaveholders of the South have done us all cruel injustice—those who plead your cause, as well as yourselves. They have impeached our motives, libelled our characters, and threatened our lives. No indignity is too great for them to heap upon us—no outrage too shocking to be perpetrated upon our persons and property. And now, *we will have our revenge.* God helping us, we will still continue to use all lawful and christian means for the overthrow of their suicidal slave system; so that when it falls,—as fall it must,—we will repay them with all the rich blessings that abound in Antigua. We will remove from them all source of alarm, and the cause of all insurrection—increase the value of their estates tenfold—give an Eden-like fertility to their

perishing soil—build up the old waste places, and repair all breaches—make their laborers contented, grateful and happy—wake up the entombed genius of invention, and the dormant spirit of enterprise—open to them new sources of affluence—multiply their branches of industry—erect manufactories, build rail-roads, dig canals—establish schools, academies, colleges, and all beneficent institutions—extend their commerce to the ends of the earth, and to an unimagined amount—turn the tide of western adventure and of northern capital into the southern channels—unite the North and the South by indissoluble ties—change the entire moral aspect of society—cause pure and undefiled religion to flourish—avert impending judgments—secure heavenly blessings—and fill the whole land with abundant peace, ever-increasing prosperity, and all-attainable happiness. Thus, **AND THUS ONLY**, will we be revenged upon them, for all the wrongs and outrages they have heaped upon us, personally and collectively,—for all the evil they are now doing, or may hereafter do to us—past, present, and to come!

‘Speed, speed the hour, O Lord!
 Speak! and at thy dread word
 Fetters shall fall
 From every limb, the strong
 No more the weak shall wrong,
 But **LIBERTY’S** sweet song
 Be sung by all!’